CHORUS.

*Some Maldtns**

Weave ye the dance, and call
Praise to God !
Bless ye the Tvrant's fall !
Down is trod
Pcntheus. the Dragon's Seed !
Wore he the woman's weed ?
Clasped he his death indeed.
Clasped the rod f

A Bacchanal.

Yea, the wild ivy lapt him, and the doomed
Wild Bull of Sacrifice before him loomed 1

Others.

Ye who did Bromios scorn,
Praise Him the more,
Bacchanals, Cadmus-born j
Praise with sore
Agony, yea, with tears !
Great are the gifts he bears J
Hands that a mother rears
Red with gore !

LEADER.

But stay, Ag.lvft cometh 1 And her eyes
Make fire around her, reeling I Ho, the prize
Cometh ! All hail, O Rout of Dionyse I

[Enter from the Mountain AGAVE, *mad^ and t® a Il seeming wondrously happy, bearing the head of* PENTHEUS *in her hand. The* CHORUS MAIDENS *stand horror-struck at the sight; thg* LBAPBR, *also horror-struck^ strives i<? it and rejoice in it as the God't*